

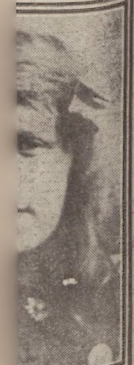
MARINES.



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THE DAILY MIRROR, Friday, January 17, 1919.

# SENSATIONS AT THE BILLIE CARLETON INQUEST

## The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 4,751.

Registered at the G.P.O.  
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1919

[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

### EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CARLETON INQUEST



The scene in court. Dr. Frederick Stuart, Charles-street, Knightsbridge, a friend of Miss Billie Carleton, is in the witness-box. (Daily Mirror exclusive photograph.)

In the circle is seen Mr. "Reggie" de Veuille, who also gave evidence yesterday. For a full report of the proceedings turn to page 2.



Another Daily Mirror exclusive photograph of Dr. Stuart telling his story. He explained how he had begged deceased to give up cocaine.



Dr. Stuart said Miss Carleton told him that Mr. Jack May was the first to teach her opium smoking. The above photograph shows Jack May with the late actress.



Lionel Herbert Belcher, cinema actor, arriving for the inquest.



Mrs. Mary Hicks ("McGinty"), maidservant to Mr. and Mrs. de Veuille, who was also among the witnesses.—(Daily Mirror exclusive photograph.)

There were some dramatic moments yesterday during the hearing of the Carleton case, but none more so than when Belcher accused Mr. Thomas Wooldridge, a Lisle-street

chemist, of selling him cocaine. His story was denied by Mr. Wooldridge. Mr. De Veuille denied "On my word of honour," that he had supplied cocaine to Miss Carleton.



Miss May Booker, the late Miss Carleton's maid, giving evidence at the inquest yesterday.—("Daily Mirror" exclusive photograph.)



# CLEMENCEAU ON KEEPING SOME THINGS SECRET

## LATE NEWS.

### 500 LIVES LOST IN MINED FRENCH SHIP.

Sank in Four Minutes in Messina Straits.

### ENGLISH SHIP'S DASH.

ROME, Thursday.

A Palermo message states that the French steamer Chaprai (4,600 tons), with 650 passengers, mostly Greeks, Russians and Serbs, on board, outward bound from Marseilles, struck a floating mine in the Straits of Messina.

A terrific explosion ensued, and the forward part of the Chaprai was blown up, and the steamer sank within four minutes.

An English steamer saw the signals of distress and rushing to the spot with full speed saved 150 lives. The victims number about 500.—Exchange Special.

### ROSA LUXEMBURG SAID TO HAVE BEEN MURDERED.

Liebknecht Reported Captured After a Hunt by Ebert's Troops.

COPENHAGEN, Thursday.

From a reliable source in Berlin it is learned that Rosa Luxemburg has been murdered.

With Liebknecht she was one of the Spartacist leaders in Berlin's "red week."

It is reported from Berlin that Liebknecht is said to have been arrested and brought to a small hotel at Eden, on the western outskirts of Berlin.

During the past few days Liebknecht has been hotly pursued by the Government troops.

He slept at different hotels in the suburbs in the day, and had always in readiness a motor car in which he could make a hasty departure.

Two days ago he had a narrow escape, as Government soldiers entered his flat at Steglitz, but he evaded them by sealing the roofs of houses in the vicinity.

It was on this occasion that Liebknecht's wife and younger son were arrested, and a number of documents showing intimate relationship with Russian Bolsheviks were seized.—Exchange.

### BOLSHEVISM SHALL NOT SPREAD TO INDIA.

Britain's Vigorous Steps—Batoum Railway in Our Hands.

Britain is taking vigorous steps, *The Daily Mirror* learns, to prevent the spread of Bolshevism in the Caucasus and the Batoum-Baku railway in British hands and running in order.

**Transcaucasia.**—The need for military occupation is strengthened by the unstable situation in Persia, which affords an opportunity for Bolshevik penetration towards Afghanistan and India.

**North Russia.**—We have raised a certain number of troops in this sector, who are now training well, but the native troops cannot for the present make headway against the Bolsheviks.

By making a decision regarding Russia at the Peace Conference, the British Government have no intention of doing what has been stigmatised as "attacking Russia."

**South Russia.**—General Denikin has taken from the command of all the Russian armies five Bolshevik armies, about 140,000 men, are operating against him, and severe fighting is proceeding near Stavropol.

**Balkans.**—There have been disturbances in and just north of the armistice line, which have necessitated its occupation by French and Rumanian troops. There has also been friction in the Dobruja between Bulgarians and Rumanians.

### AMERICA GOES "DRY."

WASHINGTON, Thursday.

The Nebraska Legislature this morning ratified the prohibition amendment, which makes the necessary full ratification of the 18th Amendment. This means that national prohibition is effective.—Exchange.

## "To Prevent Creation of Bad Feeling: Peace Congress Working in Conciliatory Spirit."

### MR. WILSON AND "AN ABOMINABLE LIE."

"The Peace Conference is in favour of the principle of according publicity to its debates, but it considers it necessary to keep certain matters secret in order not to create bad feeling."

So said M. Clemenceau in the French Chamber yesterday when asking the Chamber not to embarrass the Government by introducing questions which were being discussed at the Peace Conference.

"What an abominable lie!" were the words President Wilson used, M. Clemenceau said, when he showed Mr. Wilson a telegram to a New York paper declaring that Mr. Wilson was said to have threatened to withdraw United States troops and to leave France himself if certain demands were not conceded.

## "IT IS A GREAT BUT A PEACE MEN DISCUSS THE DIFFICULT TASK."

M. Clemenceau on the Making of a General Peace.

PARIS, Thursday.

M. Clemenceau in the French Chamber asked the Chamber not to embarrass the Government by introducing questions which were being discussed by the Peace Conference, and continued:—

"The Conference is carrying on its labours in a spirit of cordiality and complete conciliation."

"In order that the Government may completely fulfill the duty which falls upon it the collaboration of the Chamber is necessary."

"The right of interpellation certainly ought not to be suspended, but it ought to be exercised in moderation in order not to hinder the work of the Conference."

"It is hoped to take existing agreements into account at the Conference, but if divergences of opinion did not exist it would be useless for us to meet."

"We are emerging from a war which was fought to decide the very existence of the old civilising nations, and which involves territories of the five continents."

"There are thousands of questions to be settled."

## "SEEKING TO DIVIDE."

French Premier on a Form of Politics That Must Go.

"For the first time the idea has been broached of rising above particular considerations to build up a general peace. It is a great but a difficult task."

"We must give up that form of politics which consists in arousing certain members of the Government against others."

M. Clemenceau, continuing, said that they must regard with distrust false reports such as the statement contained yesterday in a telegram addressed to the *New York Tribune*, declaring that President Wilson was said to have threatened that he would withdraw all the American troops and leave France himself if certain of his demands were not conceded.

When M. Clemenceau showed this telegram to President Wilson the latter replied: "What an abominable lie!"

"The conference is in favour of the principle of according publicity to its debates," M. Clemenceau continued, "but it considers it necessary to keep certain matters secret in order not to create bad feeling."

"If we wish to form a League of Nations it is not enough to draw up the text. We must have a mental disposition which will enable us to give this League of Nations life."

Russia.—M. Clemenceau said the Government did not intend to change its policy regarding Russia.—Reuter.



King Hussein of the Hedjaz, to whom Medina has been capitulated.



Mr. Henry Duxen, the famous art dealer, who has died in New York of heart disease.



President Carranza, who will not seek reelection for Mexico.



Lieut. R. W. Sandford, a Zebrugge V.C., of Submarine C.S., who has died.

## REAL AIM OF THE NEW GERMANY.

To Retain Polish Provinces At All Costs.

## "RECONQUER THE WEST."

Germany still hopes to reconquer the West through the East.

*The Daily Mirror* learns that in Poland the Germans have determined to seize all the provisions of the Poles in Prussia if the Polish provinces of Germany are to be restored to Poland.

All parties in Germany are agreed on this step, and it will be easier as the German immigrants in these provinces have been armed.

Poland is regarded as even more important to Germany than the left bank of the Rhine. If she keeps these provinces Ebert has declared she can increase her influence to the south and east and reconquer one day in the west what she has lost now.

If, on the other hand, she lost these provinces, the rebirth of her political power through pacific penetration to the east would be impossible.

These statements were made at a secret meeting of all parties held by the last Chancellor, Max of Baden.

## "GERMANY WILL DIE" CRY.

At a secret session of the Budget Commission just before the armistice it was agreed that the Polish provinces were not economically necessary to Germany, but that the public should not be informed of this fact, but should have the point of view impressed on them that Germany would die without these provinces.

It is clear that Germany will resist the re-establishment of Poland to the utmost, as it means the deathblow to her ambitions of Eastern expansion.

The German policy is to leave Poland an easy prey after being ravaged by Bolsheviks, and they seek to ensure this by handing over their arms to the Bolsheviks.

## BIG GERMAN ARMY.

Dangerous Situation If Huns Joined with Bolsheviks.

*The Daily Mirror* learns that the German eighteen and nineteen classes have been retained with the colours, or probably half a million men, whilst a far larger number must be under arms from existing divisions.

This army, should Ebert regain complete control in Berlin, would again be free.

The Spartacists should win and combined action with the Russian Bolsheviks follow, a dangerous situation would be created.

Up to a week ago the Germans had surrendered 2,713 aeroplanes, of which 966 were in bad condition. The handing over of military material shows no improvement.

Marshal Foch yesterday met the German delegates at Treves, and one may be sure he was firm.

## 40,000 MEN TO LEAVE THE ARMY DAILY.

Seventeen Dispersal Stations to Carry Out Demobilisation.

The rate at which demobilisation can be carried out is 40,000 a day. Up to January 14 the numbers demobilised were:—Officers, 8,390; men, 463,993.

The following dispersal stations have been established:—

Northern Command.—Ripon, Harrowby and Tipton.

Eastern Command.—Thetford, Shorncliffe and Dover.

Western Command.—Heston Park (near Manchester), Oswestry and Preses Heath.

Southern Command.—Fovent (on Salisbury Plain) and Chisleton.

London District.—Furfield, Crystal Palace and Wimbledon.

There are also dispersal stations at Jersey and Guernsey.

The Crystal Palace will be the main station for London, and as it gets into full swing that at Wimbledon will lessen in importance and deal only with a comparatively few men.

It is understood that the strength numerically of the post-war army has been decided upon by the War Council, the decision being influenced by the statements of Marshal Foch regarding his requirements.

2,000,000 Frenchmen Free Soon.—In the French Chamber yesterday M. Clemenceau announced that by February 15 1,200,000 men would be demobilised, and by March 31 2,000,000.



# 'I NEVER GAVE HER ANY COCAINE'

De Vuelle's Denials at  
Billie Carleton Inquest.

"IT WAS FACE POWDER."

Mystery Note in a Dorothy Bag—  
Coroner's Questions.

(Continued from page 2.)

Mr. "Reggie" de Vuelle, one of the principal witnesses at the resumed inquest yesterday on "Billie" Carleton, denied emphatically that he ever supplied cocaine to the dead actress.

When he entered the witness-box Mr. de Vuelle was asked for his address. He said he was staying with friends.

Mr. de Vuelle said he was a British subject, aged thirty-eight. He and his wife received a little over £1,000 a year from Messrs. Hockleys as salary. He had known deceased about four years, but he did not know she took cocaine until a few months ago.

Asked whether he took cocaine, the witness said he had taken cocaine slightly.

At this stage the coroner cautioned De Vuelle and warned him that he need not answer any questions unless he liked.

De Vuelle said he desired to give evidence and, continuing, said he brought some cocaine with him when he came from Paris.

He stopped taking the drug altogether for a time and then started again.

The coroner: Where did you get it?—Witness: The first time I bought it from the Chinese woman and later from Belcher.

The coroner: Did you pay Belcher?—I did. I believe I still owe him some money.

Have you supplied cocaine to Miss Carleton?—Never in my life.

Do you really mean that?—Witness, with emphasis: "On my word of honour." He admitted that he went with the deceased to Kimful's house, and went on to relate the circumstances.

Kimful had been supping together at the Savoy and she said to me: "I know where to get some 'coc,' and we drove together to Kimful's."

He (witness) said he expected that Miss Carleton would give him some of the cocaine.

Kimful seemed rather annoyed that they had called, and gave them no cocaine. Miss Carleton asked for the drug.

Witness said the deceased frequently gave him cocaine. It could not afford to buy it.

By the coroner: "I know that deceased told several people I had supplied her with cocaine, but it is perfectly untrue. I never gave her any."

## "LET US PRETEND."

Story of "Acting," Which Coroner Tells  
Witness Is "Not Convincing."

Referring to the conversation with Dr. Stuart when the doctor told witness not to supply deceased with cocaine, De Vuelle said: "For I told him I had never supplied her with any."

Questioned by the coroner regarding the evidence of Miss Longfellow, who had sworn that Miss Carleton told her De Vuelle obtained the cocaine for her, witness said: "That is absolutely untrue."

The coroner: You heard Miss Fay Compton said the same thing?—Witness: I did. It is absolutely untrue.

The coroner: Miss Longfellow said she had seen you give Miss Carleton some.

Witness: Miss Longfellow had given us a very dramatic afternoon with a recital of the dangers of taking drugs. Billie said to me, "Let's make out we are taking some drugs." She called me into the room, and I took the box and gave it to Billie and we sniffed powder. It was only face powder in the box.

The coroner: It was acting?—Yes.

De Vuelle said the box contained nothing but white face powder, which Miss Carleton had taken from Mrs. de Vuelle on the previous day. The coroner: This won't do, you know. It is very ingenious, but not convincing. How could Belcher invent the statement that you said, "No one has seen me give her cocaine except Miss Longfellow?"

Witness: I did not say that.

The coroner: But you told him to say nothing as you were going to say nothing.

Witness: Yes, Billie's death has upset me greatly.

Witness denied receiving payments from Miss Carleton for cocaine.

## "DOROTHY" BAG NOTE.

De Vuelle Says Miss Carleton Wanted to  
Go to Chinatown.

The coroner: Is this letter in your handwriting?—Yes.

It says here: "Will you let me have £10 when I come to see you, and I will take it off when you pay the £18 off your dress? I will give them the £10 with your £8, and that will arrange things."

Then it goes on further down: "I am getting out after lunch for the thing we discussed yesterday, and hope to bring it with me." Is this cocaine?

What is it?—I don't know.

The coroner (continuing reading): "Otherwise I will try another place for it." What was

that? Was it cocaine?—I don't know what it was.

What is the meaning of it? Try to give some explanation or I shall draw my own conclusions. I don't recollect.

The coroner: Look at this paper which was found in the deceased's Dorothy bag. Do you see your name there three or four times? On the top line it says "Reggie," and in quotation marks "Pills." What do "pills" mean?—You see, she wanted to be wonderfully brilliant for the ball, and I was to make her a wonderful frock.

Isn't it rather odd she should put the word "pills" like that? Does that suggest anything to you? Did you ever speak of cocaine as "pills"?—Never.

Coming to the night of the Armistice Ball, did Miss Longfellow speak to you then about cocaine and Miss Carleton?—Yes. She met me first of all with my wife and asked where Billie was. Later she saw me dancing with Billie and she said: "I hope you are not giving her any cocaine." I said: "Don't be a fool."

Has deceased asked you for cocaine?—Many times.

When did she ask last?—Very near the Victory Ball. I never gave her any. I always made out I could not get it.

Did she ask you for some for the ball?—Yes. I think it was when she came to visit my aunt on the Saturday. I always used to say: "All right, I'll try," but I never got it. Then she wanted to go to Chinatown. She said: "Very well, I'll go to Chinatown and you're coming with me." I said I would not.

Why should she go there if you had promised to try to get some?—I don't know. She wanted to go and smoke. I suspect. She said: "We will go down to Belcher's."

We went, but nothing happened. We did not ask for cocaine and I did not see her again until the Wednesday.

Witness denied that he asked "McGinty" to sign the telegram to Belcher in order to hide his tracks, adding that the reason he wanted a second supply of cocaine was because the £5 lot was so tiny.

The coroner: The cocaine was for you?—Yes. It was £5 worth?—It was in this box (producing a little silver box). I got this half full on the Monday.

## "I OUGHT TO BE DEAD."

Drama of Two Boxes and "Little Bottle  
with a Fatal Dose."

The coroner produced Miss Carleton's gold box and said: "There are nine grains here, and it is quite a small amount to look at. Do you mean that you take nine grains in a day?—Oh, no, I do not take it at all."

The coroner (picking up a little phial and holding it up to the witness): Look. Here in this little bottle is a fatal dose—this little quantity. What do you think of that? Look at it.

Witness gazed at it in silence for a few seconds and then quietly said: "Then I ought to be dead."

The cocaine which he had that night was all for his own use entirely.

Witness was questioned by the coroner regarding the interview which he had had with Belcher after the discovery of the tragedy, at which he said to Belcher: "For God's sake say nothing." He said that he told Belcher this because if he said anything it would only drag Miss Carleton's name in the mud.

## "A SERIOUS ROW."

Telephone Call to "Make Up" a Quarrel  
Between Two Women.

Miss Carleton had been asking you to get her cocaine?—Yes.

Why did you telephone to her to call at Hockley's the morning of the Victory Ball?—Because there had been a serious row between my wife and me. I wanted her to see my wife. I wanted them to see each other.

Was it to make up a quarrel?—Yes.

About you?—Witness turned to the body of the court and said: "Need I answer?" He almost immediately replied "Yes."

I thought the quarrel was made up?—Miss Carleton got into a frightful temper and walked out.

You got £5 from her and got the cocaine?—For me.

You say "for me," but she wanted cocaine; she gets a telephone message and comes round to you in a taxi cab. At that time this gold box was empty; later on it was full. What inference do you draw?—Nothing.

The inquest was again adjourned.

## D.C.M. FOR NONCHALANT HERO.

For gallant conduct during a daylight raid south of Halluch, Private W. Mc.M. Reid (77th Battalion, K.O.S.B.) has been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

"The nonchalant manner in which he crossed the last stretch of No Man's Land," says yesterday's supplement to the *London Gazette*, provoked much admiration."

## LIFEBOATMEN SAVE 5,000 LIVES.

Few people realise what the lifeboats of our coast have done throughout the war, but Earl Wedderburn, chairman of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, yesterday told *The Daily Mirror* that in connection with U-boat destruction of ships, our lifeboat crews from the Orkneys to the Shetlands had rescued 5,000 lives.

## HERO OF EIGHTY-ONE.

The Worker's Spirit That Won  
the War.

## STORIES OF HIGH COURAGE.

A war-worker of eighty-one has been awarded the Medal of the British Empire. A few of the new recipients are:—

Th. W. Byers, who continued very hazardous work at an explosives factory in Canada.

Jas. Cairns.—For courage and high example during fires at an explosives factory in Canada.

J. T. Wise, Omnibus Driver.—Showed great courage and devotion to duty during air-raid.

O. Hughes and J. Kewley, Lightship Men.—For unflinching devotion to duty when in danger from enemy submarines and mines.

W. Parkes, Foreman Shipwright.—For self-sacrifice in continuing his duties under trying circumstances, despite his age (seventy-one).

Gertrude Randall, Supervising Telephonist.—Displayed great courage and devotion to duty during bombardment from the sea.

Mary Dawkins, Supervisor.—Displayed great courage and devotion to duty during air raids.

## ENGLAND LEADS.

19,000 Englishwomen Entered  
for Our Beauty Competition.

The figures for *The Daily Mirror* £1,000 Beauty Competition for British Women War Workers are:—

England ..... 19,000 Scotland ..... 3,500  
Wales ..... 4,000 Ireland ..... 1,000

Some 500 others, who submitted their photographs from the different theatres of war, bring the total up to 28,000.

The closing date for photographs is January 31. The £1,000 offered by *The Daily Mirror* will be divided thus:—

First prize ..... £500 Twenty prizes  
Second prize ..... 100 each of ..... £10  
Third prize ..... 50 Twenty-five prizes  
Fourth prize ..... 25 each of ..... 5

The first four prize-winners will be given a week's free holiday in France in the spring. The journey to Paris and back will be made in one of the famous de Havilland aeroplanes.

All photographs must be addressed to the Beauty Competition Editor, *The Daily Mirror*, 25-29, Boulevard-street, E.C.4.

## "BLIMPING" INSTEAD OF YACHTING.

A New Diversion in Store  
for the Rich.

## AIRSHIPS' PEACE USES.

It was early in the morning, and the discharged soldier was busy on his plot of land, when suddenly, to his amazement, a small airship landed amid the turnips.

A moment later out stepped a retired munition maker, who bid him good morning and explained that "it's not safe yet to smoke in the beastly things, so I just dropped down for an after-breakfast fog." This is no fanciful picture, and will be possible in a few years, as the man of money will soon be able to purchase a small "airship of the "Blimp" type.

It will offer him a fascinating touring vehicle less expensive than a steam yacht, and capable of giving him vastly more enjoyment.

In fact, yachts and caravans, and even motor-cars, will be quite out of fashion.

Particulars of the "Blimp," as it is popularly called, are contained in an official statement issued yesterday.

She belongs to the type which is non-rigid, and there are two of her species, a single-engined ship, which is officially designated the *s.s. Zero*, and a larger and newer two-engined class aptly styled the *s.s. Twin*.

The *s.s. Zero* has been the airship principally used. Her powers of air endurance are amazing.

With an engine of only one-third of the horsepower of a modern war aeroplane, she is capable of flying, fully equipped, with a crew of three, wireless and bombs, for periods ranging from twelve hours at full speed to anything up to fifty hours without a stop.

## GOLDEN CHANCE IS GOING.

To-morrow is the last day for the purchase of War Bonds, the world's finest investment.

The National Sunday League is prepared to assist the purchase of War Bonds in sums from £10 up to £500 and take payment by instalments spread over five years, viz., 3s. 4d. per month for every £10 taken up, which is only at the rate of 1d. per £1 per lion.

Inquire 34, Red Lion-square, High Holborn, W.C.1.



*The Picture*

**I wonder why?**

"Funny we never thought of having Cocoa for breakfast before! But I'm jolly glad we've thought of having it now. Isn't it delicious? It's Rowntree's Elect. The girl in the shop told me everybody asks for Rowntree's."

"I don't wonder! Hasn't it got a lovely flavour? And have you noticed that you don't get that desperately hungry feeling, half way through the morning, when you have had Rowntree's Cocoa for breakfast?"

**A Cup of  
Rowntree's Cocoa**  
*make a biscuit into a meal*



# Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, 17 JANUARY 1919.

## IT IS TO BE PRIVATE.

"PUBLIC or private?" we asked, at the beginning of the week, about the Peace Conference.

It is to be private—more or less. Yesterday, this to us not unexpected decision seems to have caused a great deal of disappointment.

That was because, a day earlier, the Foreign Office had issued a statement implying that Dora was not to be present at the Conference. His Majesty's Government (it said) have not proposed and do not intend to exercise any censorship over the messages of British correspondents in France during the Conference.

Perhaps a departmental joke!

Obviously, there is no need to exercise a censorship over messages that the British and other correspondents will not be allowed to send; for the newspapers "will not be authorised to publish any information regarding the work of the Conference."

We must depend, then, on the joint official communiqué, to be issued by the delegates every day.

Will that be enough?

In these supposed democratic days it hardly sounds enough!

The war has been fought by the mass of strong men from each country. It has been won by the agony and endurance of those men and their relatives. It came through no fault of theirs. The average private knew nothing about it—never suspected its nearness, in July, 1914.

Then he had to fight it.

Having won it (the democratic theory supposes) he should be able to influence its result. And the influence he wants to exercise upon it is to make the settlement secure.

He wants, mainly, to be sure that his little boy now growing up at home won't (through to-day's possible diplomatic muddling) be made, as he was, the victim of a states-system in Europe, bound to lead to division and disaster. It was a world-war. It must be a world-peace. Shouldn't it be, to that end, a world Conference also?

We are perfectly aware of the difficulties in the way of full publicity, and of devising a machinery whereby the peoples should influence decisions terribly affecting their future. We stated those difficulties on Monday.

It is not conceivable that the delegates should be accessible to any bullying influence, any gust of unreasoned opinion, from without. Nor would it be wise to reveal the inevitable disputes amongst Allied representatives.

But these difficulties (though great) seem to us nothing in comparison with the disadvantages that will come from a series of private decisions briefly announced as *irrevocable*, and, in body, "brought back," as Beaconsfield brought back his bogus peace from Berlin.

Again we venture to indicate the remedy. Let the decisions *not* be immediately irrevocable.

Let the Conference begin by setting up its international machinery of revision. Let the whole weight of the people's influence be thrown into securing an adequate rectifying Council. We do not see any other means of bringing democracy into the Conference.

We cannot have a sort of mass meeting. We do not want a camera of aged diplomats, emerging with ready-made decisions and "take it or leave it" on their lips. But, between the two evils, there ought to be some such means as we suggest for getting wise "second thoughts" to amend any unwise first resolutions.

W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Work is the grand cure for all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind—honest work which you intend getting done.—Carlyle.

## OUR POOR LITTLE LONDON OF TO-DAY!

### THE BIGGEST CITY IN THE WORLD MUST BE BIGGER.

By VAUGHAN DRYDEN.

WE are accustomed to regard London as the biggest city in the world, as a monstrous agglomeration overhanging six counties with its smoke, as an organisation so vast that only cold-blooded statisticians can contemplate the figures of its life unmoved.

This is all wrong. I will now undertake to prove that London is several sizes too small. It is so small as to be ridiculous.

Consider. A pint-pot, viewed as a pint-pot, is of a respectable size. But when you try to get a quart into it you at once realise how tiny it is. This is what is the matter with the metropolis. London is too small—for the people in it.

The other evening—it does not matter which other evening—I met a friend entirely

than balance the loss of the older ones. This, with the city growing as it does, is manifestly absurd.

We have lost the Olympic, the old Strand, the old Globe, the Opera Comique, the Princess', Terry's, the Imperial, and the old Gaiety.

Against these we have only to put the New, Wyndham's, the Apollo, the Queen's, the new Globe, the new Strand, the new Gaiety, the Prince's, the Scala, the Ambassadors, and the St. Martin's. True, there are prospects of more theatres, but not nearly enough. London's millions want half-a-score more, at least. Some of the theatres—the older ones—are badly in need of reconstruction. Even a place as huge as the Empire only has 750 seats.

### THE FIGHT FOR FOOD.

Turning to the restaurants, the state of affairs is even worse. It is pitiful to see well-dressed people, with the light of famine in their eyes and money in all their pockets, being turned away in crowds from the fashionable food-places.

The population, both stable and floating,

### THE WOMAN IN POWER: SOME OF HER WAYS.



At an inquiry bureau in office or hotel she is only to be got to answer inquiries with difficulty. That is because somebody else is always occupying her attention on matters apparently unconnected with her work.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

surrounded by a grievance. "I am hardened to fruitless attempts to get into a London theatre," he explained. "But this evening, after being turned down at five playhouses, I attempted to book a seat at a moving-picture show. Every 'palace' in Central London refused my money. They did not want to lose it, but they thought it ought to go. There was not a seat to sell."

What London wants is to expand herself in the matter of theatres, cinemas, hotels and restaurants.

There are about forty leading theatres and variety houses in what is known as the "West End," but what are they among so many?

It is not only the floating population of the metropolis that needs accommodation of the kind; the normal expansion of London runs to many thousands of new citizens in every year that passes. These people must be fed and amused.

The building of theatres and restaurants does anything but keep pace with the demand. In twenty-five years the erection of new theatres in London has done little more

has increased enormously, and we have to reckon with the growth of the restaurant habit in people who rarely ate in public till recently.

Yet London has to put up with practically the same number of restaurants as she had a quarter of a century ago! The new places of any repute can be counted on the fingers of one hand! People still go the same old round because there is nowhere else to go.

Hence the ruthless fight for food which goes on every noon and every night in the West End of London. Hence the pathetic sight of people being hunted from restaurant to restaurant in the desperate hope of snatching a table.

There is money, millions of it, money beyond the dreams of breweries, for the caterer who will open a few more first-class restaurants in the West End.

To sum up, London—that part of it which is colloquially referred to as "the West End"—wants ten or so more theatres and variety houses, and at least a dozen new restaurants. And they can be filled to overflowing, if people have the pluck to put them up.

## PRAISE OF THE HOME GIRL

### BUT DO THE YOUNG MEN REALLY WANT TO MARRY HER?

#### NOBODY NOTICES HER!

ALAS! we girls have heard so much about the demure girl, the quiet girl, the home girl, the old-fashioned girl, and all the other sort of girls that are supposed to be so attractive to men.

Unfortunately there is an objection to the attractiveness of this sort of girl.

It is that nobody sees it.

She sits (if she's really quiet) unnoticed in a corner.

No man pays any attention to her. She is too modest (by definition) to commend herself to the attention of men. Consequently the girl who is too modest and who does so commend herself gets married first.

ONE OF THE QUIET ONES.

Northam-gardens, Oxford.

#### BITTER EXPERIENCE!

LET us get rid of this hypocrisy about the ideal quiet wife!

Men don't marry for any other reason (in most cases) than Love. And love does not lead one necessarily to marry a girl who can manage on £500 a year but an "attractive girl."

And attractive girls usually want £500—to dress on!

YOUNG OFFICER.

LANCASTER-gate, W. 2.

#### SHE CAN MANAGE ON £500 A YEAR.

"EX-FLIRT" is wrong. The home-making girl is not, as a rule, "dowdy." She dresses quietly, but in good taste—not showily.

She is not out to attract men.

She must be sought.

But, when sought, she will be found to be a very bright and interesting companion.

The home girl is naturally more modest—lacking the freedom of the business girl.

Let "Captain, R.A.F." visit the "nice" girls he knows in their own homes and watch for the home-maker. He will find her as nice as her more showy sisters, and his £500 a year will suffice for his needs.

MERE.

#### PESSIMISM!

ONE of your correspondents signs herself, "Ex-Flirt."

That is an impossibility. A flirt can no more be reformed than a drug-taker.

There are only two sorts of women, the flirt and the nagger.

A HUSBAND.

#### "LIFE AND LIBERTY."

THIRTEEN curacies are advertised in a contemporary (last Thursday's *Guardian*). Of these six offer £200 and three others state "good stipend."

So far so good, but the time ought soon to come when every efficient curate can command £250.

Now about the "livings."

Of the 14,500 livings of England 50 per cent. are worth not more than £200 per annum.

And yet people are asking (only a week since I had a letter from Cairo with the query): "What does the Church propose to do with the five millions that Canon Partridge asks for?"

The answer is obvious, viz., see that every curate has £250 a year, every rector or vicar £400. I am no actuary or mathematician, but five millions won't supply all this need of financial justice.

REV. HUGH POWELL.

Ware Parish Church.

#### GIRL WORKERS COMPARED.

LADY BYRON'S comparison of telephone operators with servants, shopgirls and small dressmakers—how small must they be to enter the charmed circle?—is disconcerting but illuminating, although one hopes her views are not representative of the majority of telephone subscribers.

The extent of her ladyship's acquaintance with servants, shopgirls and dressmakers of the smaller variety may be considerable, but her personal knowledge of telephonists is obviously nil.

Were it otherwise she would be aware of the educational examination and the tests of physical fitness required of telephonists but not hitherto considered to be necessary in the case of the other classes of workers mentioned. Whether or not telephonists as a class are "good looking" is probably of less interest to them than to their uninformed critics. They certainly have less time and less money for personal adornment than many of the women whose service to the public are less exacting.

One wonders at Lady Byron's omission of chorus girls from her list of comparisons. Can it be that she wishes to spare the feelings of the peerage?

It only her "most beautiful" servant had had the sense to go in for revue!

A FEW TELEPHONISTS.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 16.—The mezezon (daphne) is flowering early this year owing to the continued mild weather. This is one of the prettiest shrubs we can have in the garden, for from now until the end of March the leafless branches will be smothered with fragrant red or pink flowers. The mezezon—a native of some of our English woods—will do well in any good light soil and succeeds in any locality.

Seedlings will spring up round an established plant, and if these are set out during the autumn a large number of bushes will be available for the spring garden.

E. F. T.



## WORKING FOR MAIMED.



Partially disabled soldiers making artificial limbs at the Australian Red Cross Hospital, Southall. They have been quickly trained into efficiency.

## FLOODS OF THE MARNE AND SEINE.



Motor and horse traffic becomes amphibious in flooded streets of Ivry.

## HOSPITAL HOSTILITIES.



A contest between Joe Bowker and Tommy Pritchard during an entertainment given by Mr. Rigby Murray to wounded soldiers at Hammersmith.



**O.B.E.**—Mrs. Churchill, commandant of Woodlawn Hospital, Didbury, who has been awarded British Empire Order.



**ON AIR COUNCIL.**—Marquis of Londonderry, who is to undertake finance contracts and lands business of the Royal Air Force.



Floods at Charenton make the place as beautiful as uncomfortable.



**FOR LABOUR.**—Rt. Hon. G. N. Barnes, who has gone to Paris as Labour representative at Peace Conference.



**FOR SERBIANS.**—Mrs. Edward Hulton, on hostess committee of Slav Day Dance at Piccadilly Hotel on February 7.



**FOR "ALL CLEAR" BUGLERS.**—The Mayor of Lewisham presents medals to "All Clear" buglers of the borough.



An emergency exit for flooded-out residents.

The floods in the river basins of northern France have caused an immense amount of inconvenience and damage.



**ON SOUTH WALES CIRCUIT.**—Justice Sankey, leaving St. Mary's, Haverfordwest, after conclusion of assize service.



## THE "GENTLEMAN" IN THE WORKSHOP.

MIDDLE CLASS FAMILIES AND THE RANKS OF LABOUR.

By CHARLTON REEVE.

How to avoid struggling in overcrowded and ill-paid professions.

MY friend Snooks is in trouble about his son.

The boy is in his last term at a great public school. He is a nice, clean-run English lad, not specially intellectual, but honest, manly and sound in mind and body, much addicted to muscular pastimes.

I think his father is almost sorry the war is over, because if it were still on, Snooks, junior, would have gone into the Army, as a matter of course, and might have stayed there. Now his father has to start him in civilian life, and does not in the least know how to do it.

"He might go up to Oxford," he said.

"Where," I replied, "he will probably row in his college eight and certainly play cricket and football, and generally enjoy himself. At the end of four years you will still have to consider what to do with him."

"There is the Civil Service," suggested Snooks.

"If he passes the examination he will start at about £150 a year, and may marry when he is forty."

### PROSPECTS OF THE BAR.

"His mother and I had thought of the Bar," added the anxious parent.

"A few—a very few—men gain fame and fortune there. Most don't. At the end of fourteen years he may be earning a living, or he may not."

"I might put him into business," said Snooks, senior, doubtfully.

"You," I answered, "if you can provide him with some capital or good commercial connections."

"The men who get on fast, without these, are exceptionally clever, dodgy and pushing; which I don't think your boy is. Business for him would probably mean a gentlemanly kind of clerkship till he was past middle age."

"You are not very helpful," responded Snooks testily.

"What does the youngster want to do himself?"

"No particular views. He is fond of motor-cars and aeroplanes and things of that kind, and would rather like to go into some big engineering firm. But—"

"It means a three hundred guinea premium, which you can't well afford, I see. Nevertheless, if I were you, I should let him go into the big engineering firm; but in such a way that it would cost you nothing."

"How?"

"Quite simple. Let him go as a mechanic, a working-man."

"A working-man," gasped Snooks, "but he is a gentleman. Our family—"

"Yes, I know. You are connected with the Lincolnshire Snookses, and your name really means Sevenoaks, and you were here before William the Conqueror came. But, you see, it is your son you have to consider, not your ancestors."

"The shabby, genteel man may never rise from the rack."

"But he must maintain his position somehow, dress his wife properly, educate his children, live at a good address, and with it all earn no more than a capable skilled artisan, and very likely less."

### JOIN THE RANKS.

"Such a man would be far better off if he had frankly joined the labour ranks, and had made himself a competent worker in any handicraft trade."

"He need not bother about his 'position,' or spend money on black coats and evening clothes unless he pleases."

"He can live better, eat better food, enjoy himself more in his leisure hours, and if he is careful and thrifty he can have a comfortable sum invested long before he has qualified for an old-age pension."

"Then his work is often healthier and more interesting than that of the other man. It is a good occupation for muscle and brain, with no worries or anxieties when the day's task is done."

"I think your son would really be happier swinging a hammer than if he were bending over a ledger in a stuffy office or teaching boys the Latin grammar in a noisy schoolroom."

"If he is really keen on his job and eager to improve himself his prospects may be excellent. It is on the whole easier for a mechanic to become a manager or factory owner than for a brilliant barrister to become Solicitor-General."

"That is my advice. Let your son forget his gentility and make himself a competent and contented workman instead of an unsatisfied member of the professional classes."

"If he never rises to be a captain of industry he can pass a wholesome and useful life among the rank and file of the great army of labour."

"And I left Snooks to think it over."

CHARLTON REEVE.

## THE RUMOURIST AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE

PUBLICITY SAVES US FROM THE MAN WHO KNOWS.

By EDWIN PUGH.

THERE is surely one pretty good reason why, within limits, the decisions of the Peace Conference should be given a fair publicity.

That is the fact that such authentic publicity destroys the activity of that tiresome type—the "man in the know" or the rumourist. If we don't get news, the man in the know will invent the news we don't get.

He will most assuredly be there in Paris, and at Versailles, hobnobbing with the great, taking part in all the most momentous proceedings, possibly listening at keyholes in his spare time.

Presumably he attends the Conference daily, as you or I attend the office, flying from London to Paris and back every morning and evening by means of an aeroplane. That this must be so is self-evident, since he is always to be found talking about it at home, in the train, at the club, or anywhere else where you would rather not see and hear him.

This habit of seeing and knowing everything and everybody is just his luck: that's all. He isn't really the kind of person that hankers after the unusual. He would much rather lead a quiet life. It isn't his fault that he has these tremendous responsibilities thrust upon him.

However—there it is!

Wherever he goes he meets with adventure. Whatever he hears is always more exciting than the latest news. Everybody he meets is somebody of importance. And everything he remembers is something that nobody could ever forget. It is only by a miracle of discretion that his name does not get into the papers every day.

He can tell you exactly what President Wilson or Mr. Lloyd George is going to do and say, long before they have decided to do and say something else. And if peace is not signed on the date he mentions, that isn't his fault, but entirely the fault of those foolish Jugoslavs (say) who will butt in at the last moment and make fresh trouble.

We have all met this type of man. And whether we like him or not we have to listen to him. He is so sweetly insinuating or profoundly circumstantial. Either he begins by interrupting a remark of ours with a softly-murmured "Pardon me, won't you, but—," or a more dogmatic "I happen to know—," and the worst of it is he has a way of being convincing.

There are people who swear by him, as the saying is, and quote him freely. He would not convince you or me, of course, and there are times when we feel inclined to accuse him outright of handling the truth rather carelessly. But even then, in the last resort, he can always say that (officially) he knows no more than we do, and that he is only repeating what he has himself been told—though on the highest possible authority, mind you!

In the upset, then, it would seem that there is only one way of discountenancing and discrediting this person who knows, and that is by publishing—so far as is possibly advisable—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about matters of national importance.

E. P.

## ECCENTRIC WILLS—SET THEM ASIDE!

THE DEAD HAND AND ITS STRENGTH OVER THE LIVING.

By BERNARD AINGER.

A plea against many deliberately vexatious or eccentric conditions in bequests.

A FEW days ago a lady was left a certain sum of money by her husband on condition that she should wear no mourning on his account.

As conditions go, this was one of the least execrable.

You cannot buy your emotions at the dress-maker's.

If a livery of grief, why not a livery of love, of jealousy, of fear, a whole wardrobe of mifortms to suit every secret, intimate mood?

Some such thoughts as these may possibly have been in the mind of the testator when he made his will. If so, I am in complete sympathy with the point of view.

But the question arises—Was the widow in sympathy with it?

Possibly. Possibly not. This much, however, is certain. If she viewed the wearing of mourning with disfavour, the husband had no need to impose the condition. If she viewed it with favour, then the husband had no right.

By what moral law are the dead justified in imposing "conditions" on the living?

Scarcely a day passes without the publication of a new "eccentric" will, in which the legatee is forced either to comply with some capricious (and generally crack-brained) stipulation, or to forfeit the bequest.

### THE JEALOUS HUSBAND.

She must refrain from entering a theatre for the remainder of her life; she must be burdened till death with a poll parrot; she must hop on one foot from London to York.

Perhaps the commonest stipulation is the outrageously selfish one that the woman shall not marry again.

But not infrequently sheer vindictiveness is at the root of the imposition. Some men hate their wives and delight to think that their persecution may continue beyond the grave. I recall the case of an authentic vindictive will, published some years ago, in which the husband left his wife the sum of one farthing, and asked his executors to send this coin to her in an unstamped envelope.

The public reads such curiosities with a smile and proceeds gaily on its common road.

But there is no smile, you may be sure, on the face of the legatee who is made to jump through the hoop.

Truc, an unreasonable will may be contested or set aside by law.

But, then, the law!

It may be urged, further, that if the woman doesn't want to fulfil the stipulation she is at perfect liberty to forfeit the bequest; that a man's money is his own to do what he likes with.

It is not.

Conjure up for a moment the position in which the widow is commonly left.

Take the woman with four children and a marital bequest which she can touch only "on condition."

What "choice" is there before her? And, seeing that she has slaved at home just as hard as he has slaved in the City, hasn't she a right to the money, husband willing or no?

### MR. SPENLOW'S REMARKS.

It is idle to urge that very eccentric conditions may be set aside through the machinery of our Courts of Law. The conditions may not be eccentric enough for that. Or the property may not be big enough to stand up against the onslaughts of the lawyers. Or, if it should be a big property, the law will take good care that it is not so by the time it has done with it.

Mr. Spenlow is instructive on this last point. Asked by David Copperfield what he considered the best sort of professional business, he replied that a good case of a disputed will, where there was a neat little estate of thirty or forty thousand pounds, was, perhaps, best of all.

In such a case, he said, "Not only were there very pretty pickings, in the way of arguments at every stage of the proceedings, and mountains upon mountains of evidence on interrogatory and counter-interrogatory (to say nothing of an appeal laying, first to the Delegates, and then to the Lords); but, the costs being pretty sure to come out of the estate at last, both sides went at it in a lively and spirited manner, and expense was no consideration."

Such, then, is the position.

And, surely, in the circumstances, it is not unreasonable to suggest that on the death of a husband (or a wife), the estate should be regarded as having belonged to them jointly; that a larger portion of it should automatically become the property of the surviving partner; and that, in sum, the test whereby the dead seek to wield over their living predecessors on the living should be severely discouraged by public opinion as expressed in reasonable law.

BERNARD AINGER.



A GOOD STORY WITHOUT WORDS.—A British soldier in Italy contrives to amuse one of the local residents in spite of his ignorance of her language.—(Official.)

## WHO GAINS MOST BY MODERN MARRIAGE?

WHAT THE WOMAN HAS TO GIVE UP.

By ELIZABETH RYLEY.

Husband-hunting has become a Pastime of Secondary Importance in the life of the modern girl. It used to be her chief game. But she has learnt that the prize is rarely worth the chase.

Instead of acquiring something valuable by marriage, she finds she is usually expected to give up:—

Her men friends.

Her own name.

Her hope of a personal career.

Her right to call her time her own.

Those men (and women) who have so little of vital interest in their own lives that they spend most of their time discussing other folk's affairs still love to talk about the poor men who have been "trapped" into marriage.

But "trapping" has gone out of fashion. It is a "back number" in the volume of life so far as the girl of to-day is concerned.

Why set traps for what she does not particularly desire?

She reads the newspapers now. She sees the world. She takes a hand in controlling the business wheel that "keeps on turning," and she enjoys the task.

She sees and hears of households where no amount of tender treatment will induce a paid servant to come and do the housework, and she knows that in the final adjustment it is the so-called "mistress" of the house who will have to do it. She has no choice in the matter.

Is she not married to the master of the house, and does it not therefore follow, as the night the day, that whatsoever another refuses to do, she must take in hand?

And the master of the house, who is her lord and husband, does he not gravely assure her that she is the gainer in the marriage transaction inasmuch as she enjoys the privileges of—

Bearing his name,

Living on his money, and

Sharing his home.

Would he not be shocked indeed if she were to assure him that she is not particularly grateful for these benefits? Furthermore, that she considers, when the pros and cons of the question are seriously weighed, that he has the best of the bargain?

Yet that is the secret opinion of many women to-day. They can afford to smile with patient tolerance when they hear the talk of men about "the eternal chase."

It is an old-fashioned notion which pleases the lords of creation, for does it not minister subtly to their self-esteem?

Or perhaps the view adopted by man is a mere pose that has become through the eyes a habit?

He may need considerable educating up to the view that he has the best of the bargain, or to divesting himself of a pose so dear to him.

Can woman not educate him?

Such a scheme of education for husbands skillfully carried out would give wives a subtle ascendancy over their lords.

But how careful it would have to be done, for if mere man discovered that he was being "handled," in this way the last state of his self-esteem might be worse than his first. E. R.



# FUNERAL OF BOER WAR V.C. MEN THE KAISER INSULTED: "CONTEMPTIBLE"



Sergeant J. Danagher, V.C., Connaught Rangers (inset), who won the coveted distinction for bravery at Elandsfontein in the Boer War of 1881, was buried at Portsmouth with full military honours. The photograph shows the scene at the graveside after the coffin had been lowered into the grave. The bearer party was furnished by men of the late N.C.O.'s regiment.



Pinning the medal on Regimental Corporal-Major Howard, D.C.M.



Nine "contemptibles" wearing their medals and seen at the Horse and men of the House

Major-General Feilding, commanding the London district, presented the 1914 Star to some 200



**WEDDING GUEST.**—The Crown Princess of Sweden, coming to England for wedding of her sister, Princess Patricia of Connaught.



**RELEASED FOR PUBLICATION.**—The final result of a U-boat outrage in the North Sea. A torpedoed vessel takes the last plunge as her boilers explode. One mast is seen for tragedy. A trawler



**NEW FUR COAT.**—A very desirable coat in seal fur. The collar arrangement, giving a "fichu" effect, is novel, and the size and shape of the pockets may be observed.



**YESTERDAY'S WEDDING.**—Brigadier-General R. H. More, C.M.G., R.A.F., son of the late Jasper More, M.P., and his bride, Phyllis, daughter of the Hon. Francis Parker.



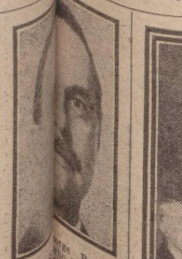
**FOR EMPIRE TOUR.**—Captain F. C. Dreyer, C.B., O.B.E., R.N., who has been appointed to New Zealand as Chief of Staff to Admiral Lord Jellicoe.



**DEAD.**—Lieutenant-Commander Donald J. S. Oswald, R.N., Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, whose death has just been reported from Brindisi.



**THE CHIEF MOURNER.**—Lady Wyndham leaving yesterday for the funeral of her husband, Sir Charles Wyndham. The ceremony took place at Hampstead Cemetery.



**K.B.E.**—The Duke of Devonshire, K.B.E., has been awarded the Order of the British Empire.



**MISSING.**—The missing man, who was reported to have been killed in action, has been found alive.

**VICER.**—The Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, has been awarded the Order of the British Empire.



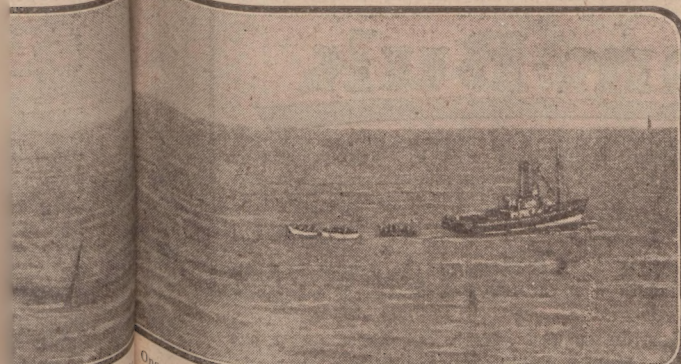
# "COMPTIBLES" RECEIVE THE MONS STAR.



ring their medals  
tar to some 200  
are seen at the Horse Guards, after the ceremony.  
and men of the Household Cavalry yesterday. The general pinned the decoration on each man's breast.



Corporal of Horse Anstice, D.C.M., was among the recipients.



boat outrage in  
her boilers expl  
One man is seen for a moment before the water closes over the scene of the tragedy. A trawler is standing by to rescue survivors of the crew.



MENTIONED.—Mrs. Alice Jarrold, who has been mentioned for her services at V.A.D. Hospital, Sunnyhill, Norwich.

# AIR PLEASURE YACHTS.



The "Blimp" airship, which helped materially in the campaign against submarine "frightfulness," will, an official report forecasts, become popular as a pleasure yacht in the near future. The photograph shows an engine and car of one of these little British craft, which are wonders for safety and handiness. They are also very speedy and would give a Zepp a sporting race.

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VICEREGAL PRESENTATION AT DUBLIN.—Lord French, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, presents certificates to Red Cross workers in lecture hall of Royal Society, Dublin.—(Mirror.)



CITY HONOURS NEWFOUNDLAND.—Lord Morris, ex-Premier of Newfoundland, presented with honorary freedom of the Fan-makers' Company, at Waxchandlers' Hall, in the City of London.



A BIG DEAL.—Lord Incheape, who, with Sir Owen Phillips, M.P., will take over Government contracts for new shipping. The transaction involves £20,000,000 or more.



W.O. APPOINTMENT.—Sir Archibald Sinclair, Bart., who has been appointed military secretary to Mr. Winston Churchill, the new War Secretary.



FOR AFTERNOON WEAR.—A black and white afternoon gown fashioned in white silk jersey and trimmed with black fur. A kind of surplice motive is here made distinguished.





The charming actress, Mrs. Delysia, photographed in a coverlet and pillow decorated with B.D.V. silk pictures.

## B.D.V. SILK PICTURE NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION

EACH packet of B.D.V. Cigarettes contains a beautiful Silk Flag, Picture of the Old Masters, Regimental Badge, or Naval Crest, etc., which can be used in the decoration of a great variety of useful and ornamental pieces of needlework, such as tablecloths, door curtains, sofa covers, undershirts, fancy dress costumes, bedspreads, cushions, cushion covers, muffs, table centres, fire screens, etc., etc. Prizes in Cash are given each month for the most artistic or originally designed needlework in which these pictures are used.

**£375 : 10** Awarded in the  
October Competition

### 1st PRIZE £10 0 0

CALVER, Miss A., 2, The Lindens, Faringdon, Berks ..... Bedspread

### 2nd PRIZE £7 10 0

IRVINE, Miss J. W., 62, Townhill Road, Dunfermline ..... Bedspread

### 3 PRIZES of £5 Each.

MOORE, Mrs., 42, Palace Street, Buckingham Gate, S.W. .... Fancy Suit

TOMS, Mrs., 18, Wycombe Gardens, Golders Green ..... Bedspread

WARE, Mrs. G., High Street, Billingshurst, Sussex ..... Fancy Suit

### 4 PRIZES of £4 Each.

Smith, Miss W., Southrop Mills, near Lechlade, Glos. .... Bedspread.

Smith, Miss Ella, Southrop Mills, near Lechlade, Glos. .... Bedspread.

Simpson, Mrs. O., High Street, Towcester, Northants... Two Original Children's Games.

Weller, Mrs. M., 21, Stillness-road, Forest Hill ..... Two Large Cushions.

### 3 PRIZES of £3 10s. Each.

Fenner, Mrs., Junr., 94, Craven-park, N.W.10 ..... Fancy Dress.

Hodges, Mrs. D. M., Croftdene, Croft-road, Swindon ..... Drawing-Room Set.

Jordan, Mrs., Ivy House, Acacia-road, New Malden ..... Large Screen.

### 5 PRIZES of £3 Each.

Camilla, Miss, The Bickerley, Browning-road, Worthing ..... Table Cloth.

Fenner, Miss, 94, Craven Park, N.W.10 ..... Fancy Dress.

Hammond, Miss E. B., Brighton Boro' County Asylum, Haywards Heath ..... Bedspread.

Taylor, Pte. Phil., 15, Winchenden-road, Fulham-road, Parson's Green, S.W.6 ... Cloth.

Ware, Miss, High-street, Billingshurst, Sussex ..... Quilted Bedspread.

### 1 PRIZE of £2 10s.

Watts, Miss E., Workmen's Club, Station-road, Purton, Wilts ..... Double-sided American Flag.

### 4 PRIZES of £2 Each.

Hayes, Miss E., c/o Dr. Simpson, Towcester ..... Large Cushion.

Sandbrook, Miss M. G., 6, Belgrave-road, Dover ..... Victory Advertisement Banner.

Watson, Miss E., 9, Willows-crescent, Cannon Hill, Birmingham ..... Fancy Dress.

Ward, Mrs., "Treforest," Herbert-road, Bournemouth ..... Santa Claus.

### 2 PRIZES of £1 10s. Each.

Dunsmuir, Mrs. K. C., 52, Victoria-road, Hale, Ches. .... Hall Lantern.

Weller, Mrs. G., High-street, Towcester, Northants ..... Large Cushion.

### 94 PRIZES of £1 each.

122 PRIZES of 15s. each. 205 PRIZES of 10s. each.

Full list of names and addresses on application.

**THE DECEMBER COMPETITION CLOSES FEBRUARY 1st, 1919.**

FOR FULL PARTICULARS WRITE TO

GODFREY PHILLIPS, Ltd., LONDON, E. 1.

Another Grateful  
Mother describes  
how Zam-Buk  
Cured Her Child's

## ECZEMA

NEIGHBOURS ASTONISHED  
AT WONDERFUL HEALING.

MRS. ALICE EVANS,  
of 4, Castle View,  
Chalvey Grove, Slough,  
writes:

Frances Kathleen Evans, Chalvey Grove.

"Last June my little girl, Frances Kathleen, now 7 years of age, was attacked with Eczema, which started with blistery sores that broke out all over her head, hands and body. The disease was particularly bad round the joints and on the hands, and the burning inflammation and itching were so terrible that Kathleen seemed as if she would tear the flesh from her bones.

"The poor child was an awful sight to look at, for no matter what remedy I tried she seemed to get worse instead of better. I had to cut her hair quite close, and the sores were continually weeping and spreading. The child could not sleep and I sat up for hours at her bedside through the night, and often crying at the sight of my child's misery.

"Going up to my sister's in London one day I saw a tin of Zam-Buk and decided to try it. Directly I started treating the Eczema with Zam-Buk there was an improvement, and within a month the change was wonderful. All the irritation was banished and the sores dried off in an astonishing way until my child is now quite well and clear of the disease.

# Zam-Buk

THE MAGIC HERBAL SKIN HEALER.

Zam-Buk is unequalled for Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Bruises, Poisoned Wounds, Eczema, Bad Legs, Ringworm, Piles, Pimples, Itchy Spots, &c. It is a box of all Chemists and Drug Stores.

## Spinal Paralysis



Mrs. Strain, Ayr.

An amazing miracle commented on in the  
pulpit. Paralysed lady unable to move,  
in bed four years, Permanently Cured by  
Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. Strain, St. Germain-street, Catrine, Ayrshire, N.B., writes:—"Just a line to tell you that Dr. Cassell's Tablets for Weak and Nervous People have entirely cured me of Spinal Paralysis after lying helpless in bed for 4 years. I could do nothing for myself, as my arms had lost all power and were quite useless, and no treatment did me any good until I took the Tablets. I then soon found life returning to my fingers and arms, and in two months I was up and about doing my housework as well as ever I could. I attribute my cure solely to Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and nothing else." This was six years ago. Mrs. Strain has recently written to say she is still keeping well and strong. Comment is needless.

## Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown  
Nerve Paralysis  
Infantile Paralysis  
Neurasthenia  
Sleeplessness  
Anæmia

Kidney Trouble  
Indigestion  
Wasting Diseases  
Palpitation  
Vital Exhaustion  
Nervous Debility

Especially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the critical periods of life.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire.  
Home Prices: 1/6 and 3/6, the 3/6 size being the more economical.

### FREE INFORMATION

as to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in your case sent on request. Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Rd., Manchester.



# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General.

## Fighting the Shortage.

Anticipating the world shortage that is coming, the Government has bought up the whole of the Antipodean butter output for this year and next. Governments are not restricted in their purchases to four ounces a week.

## Much Marge.

On the other hand, we are making so much margarine now that we shall be able to export it to less favoured countries ere long.

## An Old Stunt Revived.

The shortage of eggs and butter has revived an old trick in the London suburbs. An elderly woman, clothed like a farmer's wife, calls at your door laden with healthy-looking eggs and pats of butter between cabbage leaves. Beware! The new-laid hue of the egg shell is a dope and the butter is mostly margarine.

## The Ununiformed Army.

A long *Gazette* this morning deals with honours conferred on certain heroes and heroines of the "home front." The brave deeds done in munition factories and during air raids are briefly described, but they thrill.

## Air Road.

For the first time I have discovered a misprint in the *London Gazette*; and it is not an



Mrs. Bertram Hardy, wife of Major Hardy, has organised a Red Cross work depot and done canteen work.



Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, honoured for her work as director of war-couriers' rest clubs.

unhumorous one, either. A bus-driver is said to have displayed great courage "during an air raid."

## Another Experiment.

I hear of another of those pathetic experiments in Socialist colonies, which have been tried and found wanting several times during the last hundred years. Near Evesham some enthusiastic souls are organising a communal agricultural colony, which they hope to make self-supporting.

## Bradburies Barred.

There will be no money in this Utopia, the colonists exchanging all their products with each other. Anybody who can do useful work and is prepared to live the simple life without Bradburies is eligible.

## London's Soldiers.

When London's own soldiers have their ceremonial parade through her streets, which according to present ideas will be in the early summer, I hope that the arrangements will be better than those for "C.I.V. Day," after the South African War.

## "Mafficking."

Few who had the misfortune to be in the streets when the C.I.V.s came home will ever forget the pandemonium that went on all day and far into the night. On that day "mafficking" reached its climax, and a horrid climax it was.

## Actor's Funeral.

The late Sir Charles Wyndham was a great figure in the social world, and it was fitting that some of the most beautiful wreaths at his funeral yesterday should come from notable people unconnected with the stage. Lord Cowdray, Lady Markham, Lady Kent, Lady Alington, and Lady Galway were among those who sent flowers.

## Groat Fun.

Costume will not be "optional"—to twist an old joke—at the Three Arts Club Ball, which will be held in the Albert Hall on February 12. Only fancy dress or uniforms will be admitted; and a very joyous affair is expected, as it is the British way to be less formal in unfamiliar garb. "I feel a fool, so may as well act like one," is the unspoken thought.

## Interested.

The child attendants of the Hon. Miss Solater-Booth made a charming, if rather "distract," group at her Holy Trinity wedding to Captain Grenville Peek. She must have suffered many a tug at her cloth of silver train when Master Donald, Lady Moya Campbell's small son, deeply interested in the congregation, stepped back to get a better view, still holding on to the train.

## An Undemobilised Congregation.

There was still plenty of uniform about, Lord Cottesloe, in khaki, Rear-Admiral Bentinck, Lady Marjorie Dalrymple and General White Thomson were some sitting near me in uniform. Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle arrived so late that he was lost in the crowd.

## Local Patriotism.

Southgate is aggrieved because I referred to it as "uninteresting" the other day. A local patriot tells me that it is noted inter alia for a very fine estate, belonging to the new Lord Inverforth of Southgate. So now we know.

## A Servant's Week-Ends.

A woman friend tells me how her servant has of late been demanding week-ends off. The usual request came last Friday, when my friend said: "Well, you must pay someone to take your place. That will be ten shillings." The money, as police-court reporters say, was paid at once.

## "Hamlet" with Two Princes.

At the "Old Vic," when the tragedy of "Hamlet" is produced, Mr. Ernest Milton and Mr. Eric Ross will appear as the depressed Dane at different times.

## Changed Title.

There seems to have been some misunderstanding about the title of the new Haymarket piece, "Friendly Enemies" did not mean that Hun and Briton should make friends. But to prevent mistakes, Mr. Frederick Harrison has retitled it "Uncle Sam."

## Musical Comedy at the "Old Mo."

If Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard's negotiations for the New Middlesex—better known as the "Old Mo"—result in a deal they will make the daring experiment of bringing musical comedy to the historic house of mirth. The chief thing against the place as a regular West End house is that it has what is technically known as a "bad set-down."

## A Producer.

Among the stage folk soon to be demobilised is Mr. Sydney Ellison, who will then "produce" a new production in the West End. The theatre is Mr. Ellison's natural home; so much so, that when he was staying at a country house for a week-end his hostess remarked how he brought the scent of the footlights over the hay!

## Housing Problems.

On few does the housing problem press harder than on the middle-class girl who has to earn her living in London and has no home here. For her to house with match-dippers and pickle-hands would be what Mr. Guppy called "mutually unpleasant." And lodgings are expensive. A system of residential clubs is being devised, and Viscountess Campden is taking an active interest in it.



Viscountess Campden.

## Comfort.

These clubs will be just what is wanted, and will be free, let us hope, from the taint of the "institution." Viscountess Campden is the wife of Lord Gainsborough's heir, and is noted for her benevolence.

## Ex-Kaiser's Book.

William Holzenzollern never concealed his notion of giving to the world his reminiscences, and for that purpose two secretaries constantly kept notes, which, with such intimate notes as he himself made, were one day to make a book. But I learn that William in his hurry left all his notes in Berlin.

THE RAMBLER.

We have immensely improved

## Turban Puddings

COMPLETE

RICH, SWEET, CUSTARD-LIKE.

Now packed in cardboard cartons.

Supplies being more abundant Turban Puddings are now Richer and Sweeter.

Milk and Sweetening are included, all ingredients are in the packet.

### Varieties:

WHOLE RICE CUSTARD  
GROUND RICE CUSTARD  
BARLEY FLAKE CUSTARD

FIELD & CO. (F&C) LTD., 40-42, King William St., London, E.C.4



AFTER THE WAR

REDUCTION IN PRICE

OF THE

# KOMO

HANDY

# MOP

NOTICE TO LADIES.

It has been decided to at once and permanently reduce the price of the

KOMO NEW STANDARD MODEL—IMPROVED British Made Throughout.

From 6/6 to

5/6

Including a full tin of Komo Mop Polish. All parts are interchangeable and the Mop is

TAKE-OFF-ABLE AND WASHABLE

Spare Dry Fabrics may be purchased at small cost for use on Walls, Pictures, Ceilings, &c.

Manufacturers: THE "MATCHLESS" METAL POLISH CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.



Should your dealer be unaware of the new price—show him this advertisement and buy a

NEW STANDARD MODEL IMPROVED

with Socket Fitting Handle at 5/6. The manufacturers will, upon application, compensate him for the reduction in price.



Mrs. Ivan Sprot, daughter of Sir George Sprot, mentioned for ambulance driving in France.



Mrs. Eric Benson, daughter-in-law of Sir Frank Benson, the actor, is a housemaid at a war hospital.

## HUNG UP.

Sir Eric Geddes and the N.E.R.—Another Socialist Colony.

I HAVE some reason to believe that the question of allowing the Soviets to send representatives to the Peace Conference is shelved for a time. The whole Russian problem—and it is a big one—is to be considered. Feeding the famishing millions is one big question, and intervention is another.

## Off to Paris.

Mr. J. H. Thomas is off to Paris ere long for a League of Nations Conference. He has not made up his mind whether to go to Lausanne. The situation has its funny side, for so many of the nominated British delegation have backed out of going to the International Labour Conference.

## Many Happy Returns!

International congratulations will be showered today on Mr. Lloyd George, who is fifty-six. He has almost the fiery energy of not with years, and though his hair is white, it is with the unimaginable responsibilities of seeing the British Empire through a world war.

## "Miss Megan" Missed.

There is an aching void at 10, Downing-street. The Prime Minister's little daughter is greatly missed. But London's loss is Paris' gain. I hear that the Parisians are charmed with the child.

## Mordant Megan.

Little Miss Megan is developing a caustic wit. When she met her father to go with him to Paris she said, in Welsh, that she believed she was the only person he had seen that day that did not ask for an appointment.

## Sir Eric Resigns.

I hear that the resignation of Sir Eric Geddes, as deputy-general manager of the North-Eastern Railway is to be announced next month. Sir Eric had a long conference recently at York, discussing future developments, especially in view of the Government's policy of nationalisation.

## More to Go.

Several other North-Eastern officials are coming on early release from their war-time jobs, including Brigadier-General Ralph Delarrell, who was Sir Eric's right-hand man.

## Princess's Gift.

Princess Patricia's wedding presents will doubtless be in the time-honoured phrase "both numerous and costly." One will come from the men and women of Ireland and a committee of twelve has been formed to collect subscriptions and buy the



Lady Powerscourt.

## Chairwoman.

At the head of the committee will be Countess Powerscourt, whom here will show its grateful work in Red Cross and kindred movements.

## Dorset Folk.

When that peerage (plus a Colonial Government) comes the way of Captain the Hon. R. E. Guest, East Dorset, a safe seat for one of the Wimborne house, will probably choose Colonel Henry Guest.



By IOLA  
GILFILLAN

(Continued on page 13.)



# THE LOVE TRAIL

(Continued from  
Page 12)

changed, you know, since your young days, and a girl can go about and enjoy herself now without a chaperone, and without anyone thinking any the worse of her."

"Yes, things have changed—but not for the better," commented Mrs. Harrington mournfully.

Helen smiled as she took off her coat and hat and ran upstairs to Kitty's room. She knew that she was a thorn in the flesh of her aunt, but she was prepared to make allowances, particularly to-night, when she was eager to tell her step-sister about the amazingly wonderful thing that had happened, and to rhapsodize about Roy Dunbar.

"Hello, Helen! How do I look?" exclaimed Kitty latimer, as Helen entered her room and paused abruptly with a surprised and inquiring glance.

"Oh, you needn't stare so!" she continued, before Helen could speak. "I bought this frock to-day at a sale in the Regent street, and I mean to wear it in spite of Aunt Lizzie's sniffing and protesting. I can wear what I like, I suppose, and do what I like with my own money. I am going to a theatre to-night. Do you like the frock?"

**KITTY SPRINGS A SURPRISE.**

Kitty was wearing a black beaded tunic over a pink silk evening dress cut very low, and although it became her well enough, she looked rather over-dressed and out of place in her present surroundings.

"It is very pretty, Kitty, and would be quite suitable for a society lady," Helen commented quietly, with a tinge of irony in her sweet voice. Her step-sister's face flushed, and she tossed her dark head defiantly as she met Helen's eyes.

Kitty latimer bore not the slightest resemblance to Helen, although both were daughters of the same mother. She was a slight, dark, pretty girl with an oval face, olive complexion, small features, brilliant dark eyes and wavy black hair.

"I am going to be a society lady to-night, and I may be wearing much prettier and more expensive frocks than this before long," she retorted sharply. "You can't expect me to be content with tailor-made and cotton dresses all the time, even if you are, Helen. And I can wear my long winter coat over it to-night," she flashed lamely.

"I don't understand what you mean, Kitty," Helen remarked, Helen in grave perplexity. "Dennis has come into a fortune. In any case, I don't suppose the wives of Canadian farmers wear evening dress except on special occasions."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking about Dennis Clare," Kitty retorted with an impatient shrug. "Why do you always drag in his name? I mean to have good times, and I don't care what anyone says or thinks. If you must know, I am going to the theatre to-night with a young gentleman, and I don't care whether you tell Dennis about it or not. So there!"

"Who is the young gentleman?" asked Helen quietly. "A friend of mine," Kitty answered snappishly.

"Is your friend the same 'nice boy' that you mentioned you dined with the other evening, Kitty?"

"Yes," Kitty answered, powdering her nose. "I have met him several times, and he and I are—very great friends."

"Who is he?" persisted Helen. "Kitty wheeled round upon her suddenly. "Oh, for goodness' sake, Helen, don't look so prying and severe! I burst out. 'You're as bad as Aunt Lizzie, and I won't stand it.' I'm not a child. I'm old enough to know my own mind and to choose my own friends, and I don't mean to be dictated to. Because you seem to have made my young mind to be an old maid, and because you haven't got a boy of your own, you needn't try to make me miserable!"

Helen laughed in spite of herself. Kitty's mood changed suddenly, and she turned forward impulsively and threw her arms around Helen's neck.

"I'm sorry," she exclaimed, contritely. "I didn't mean to say such a spiteful thing, Helen dear. I know you have kept single because of me, and because you promised mother you would look after me. I know you could have a dozen sweethearts if you liked."

"I don't want a dozen sweethearts, Kitty," she said, smilingly. "One is enough. But you must seem to be satisfied with one sweetheart, and you are always to be flirting, and to although you are engaged to be married to Dennis Clare."

Kitty's brows drew together again and her lips tightened. She took up her gloves from the dressing-table and began to put them on with elaborate care.

"I am beginning to think my engagement to you, without meeting Helen's eyes. 'I wasn't really engaged to him, and since I've been at the bank—well, I see things in a different way and to go to Canada. If Dennis succeeds, and I don't feel inclined to leave away my life as the wife of a farmer. I was intended for something different.'"

"Kitty! You can't mean that you are going to throw Dennis Clare over!" exclaimed Helen in concern.

"I don't see why I shouldn't," replied Kitty defiantly. "I don't see why I should throw him away. I have met a man I like better, and he wants to marry me."

"Who is he?" asked Helen again.

"Oh, you don't know him," Kitty answered

hastily and evasively. "At least, I don't suppose you do. He is very good-looking, and he has heaps of money. I met him accidentally a few weeks ago in a teashop. He picked up my bag, and we got into conversation."

"You were not even properly introduced!" Helen interjected.

"Oh, who takes any notice of that old-fashioned fudge nowadays?" cried Kitty scornfully. "I suppose you would have snubbed him, although he is a perfect gentleman. You needn't sneer. He is a perfect gentleman, I tell you, Helen, and I love him and am going to marry him. So there! I don't mean to spoil my life because of Dennis Clare."

Something akin to resentment blazed up in Helen's heart as she listened, and her blue eyes flashed as she caught Kitty by the arm.

"What about spoiling Dennis Clare's life?" she demanded hotly. "Are you too self-centred and selfish to think of him? Dennis loves you, and he is out there in Canada working for you, making a home for you; but now, because you have met another man who appears to be rich, and who flatters you, I suppose, you are going to throw Dennis over and break his heart! Kitty, you can't—you won't be so cruel!"

"Oh, for goodness' sake, don't preach!" cried Kitty impatiently, looking very uncomfortable, her face flushing guiltily. "Dennis will find some other girl, and won't break his heart about me. You can't expect me to marry him now that I have changed my mind and met someone I like better."

"Someone you like better!" exclaimed Helen disdainfully. "Oh, Kitty, don't be so foolish—and so cruel. What sort of 'perfect gentleman' can this man be who makes your acquaintance in a teashop, and is evidently quite ready to steal away another man's sweetheart? What do you know about him? He may merely be amusing himself with you."

"He isn't!" interrupted Kitty angrily. "You know nothing about him, and you have no right to suggest such a thing. In any case, I won't be spoken to as if I were a naughty child. Don't be so harsh, Helen. He knows nothing about my being engaged or about Dennis Clare, and I don't ever mean to tell him."

Helen's indignation had exhausted itself, and she sat down with a sigh. She felt she had been foolish to lose her temper, and that it would have been better to have appealed to Kitty's better nature rather than to have reproached her.

"Don't you see, Kitty dear, that you are doing a dishonourable thing?" she asked gently, after a pause. "You are playing two men false. You are false to Dennis, who loves you and trusts you, and who believes that you mean to keep your promise, and you are deceiving this other man by not telling him you are engaged. Play the game, Jess!"

Kitty latimer's dark, pretty face flushed again as she looked defiantly at Helen.

"Oh, very well, I'll play the game, never fear!" she exclaimed, with another toss of her dark head. She turned towards the door after glancing hastily at her wrist watch. "I shall write to Dennis Clare to-morrow, telling him that I have changed my mind, and breaking off our engagement," she added; "then I shall be free to marry Roy Dunbar."

Whom? Helen sprang from her chair as she gasped out the word, choking with surprise.

"Roy Dunbar," repeated Kitty over her shoulder, as she left the room. "Roy Dunbar is his name, and I love him and mean to marry him, so please don't try to interfere!"

There will be another fine instalment of this fascinating romance to-morrow. Don't miss it.

## THE DEPUTY GIRL.

CONCLUSION.

"PETER," Eve said late in the afternoon of that wonderful day, "I have something to confess to you."

Peter's eyes smiled.

"Confess?" he asked. Eve nodded.

"But not here," she said. They were together in the drawing-room. Mrs. Halsey had left them together after tea. The old lady was happy in Eve's happiness, yet in the depths of her heart there was a lurking pain for Maurice.

"Come," Eve said. She pushed Peter gently towards the door and led him across the hall.

The shadows were already beginning to lengthen as, together, Peter and Eve entered the wood. Eve led him to the fallen tree; then made him seat himself on the spot where he had sat alone—was it years ago?

He watched her wonderingly, as she herself went and stood some paces away.

"What are you going to tell me, sweetheart?" he asked. Eve's face had grown suddenly grave.

"Do you remember," she said in a low voice, "the day you left Morton Grange? You came up here alone—you sat there, on the very same place you are sitting now." She paused a moment. "I was here, Peter; I saw you all the time. I was close to you when you called me."

Peter rose and came towards her.

"My heart told me you were near," he said. "And why didn't you answer?" he added.

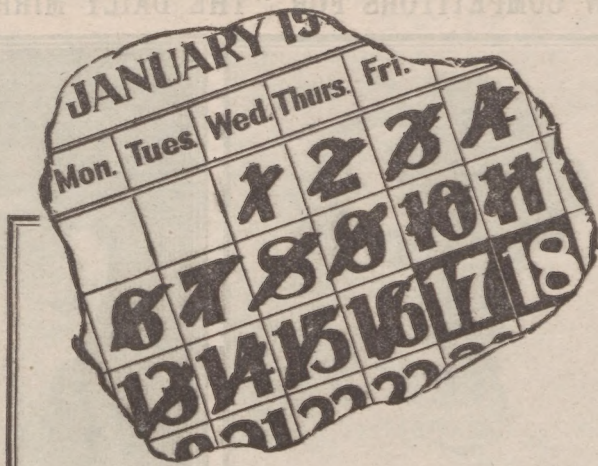
"Because—because I thought it was easier for you," Eve said in a low voice. "I watched you going from me, watched you until you were out of sight—Peter." She stretched her hands suddenly towards him.

And once more Peter swept her masterfully into his arms.

"Eve," he said, "I'm going to send Doctor Poiré a wire asking him to our wedding. What should you say, sweetheart?"

THE END.

Now turn to page 12 and read the opening chapters of the new serial, "The Love Trail."



## Make good use of the LAST 2 DAYS

TO-MORROW, when the hands of the clock meet on the stroke of midnight, your opportunity to subscribe for National War Bonds will have gone beyond recall. Make good use of the few remaining hours. Consider just for a moment—

**moments are precious now!**

—what kind of investment it is that you can still secure if you act in time.

No other investment in the whole world offers you the same advantages:

- 5 per cent. interest
- British Government guarantee
- Handsomsome Bonus on maturity
- Certainty of capital appreciation
- Valuable conversion rights
- An open market if you ever wish to sell
- Sterling security if you ever wish to borrow
- Special privileges in respect of Munitions Levy, Death Duties and Excess Profits Duty
- Dividends paid without deduction of Income Tax if you buy Registered Bonds

These exceptionally generous terms were originally conceded only because your country needed the enormous sum of £25,000,000 every week to finance the War through to Victory. They cannot be paralleled in the past. They will not be repeated in the future. It is NOW—in the brief present which ends irrevocably to-morrow—that you have YOUR LAST CHANCE to subscribe for the world's finest investment.

## Buy the BIGGEST BOND you can

Go to the Bank or Money Order Post Office now—before it is too late. Invest all you can in National War Bonds—your savings, your earnings, the profits of your business, the cash in your pockets, your balance at the Bank. The more you invest, the stronger will be your financial position—the safer and the larger will be your income.



## NEW COMPETITORS FOR "THE DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTY PRIZES FOR WAR WORKERS.



Busily engaged on war work ever since the first months of the fighting.



With a good record of work done as clerk in the Ministry of Munitions.



Driving a motor delivery van for over two years to release man for the colours.



Engaged for over two years in the Canadian Pay Office.



Has been busily engaged as clerk in office of a bank.



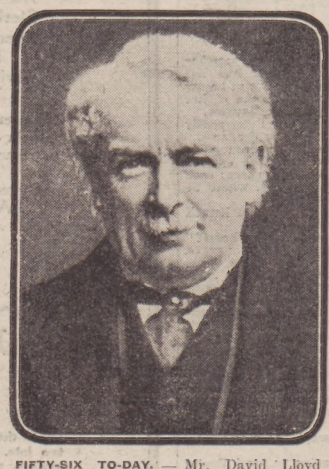
Has been a busy worker with Voluntary Aid Detachment.



Has served in a war hospital and on the land.



**EXMOUTH VICTORY BALL.**—A group of the children who made merry at the victory ball held in Church Hall, Exmouth. They had a great time.



**FIFTY-SIX TO-DAY.**—Mr. David Lloyd George will be wished many happy returns of the day not only by all his countrymen but by a host of liberty lovers in every quarter of the globe.



**DAMASCUS DONKEY BRIGADE.**—British "Tommys" commandeer donkeys on the road to Damascus. When mounted they made a most picturesque body of "horse."



THE BEST COUGH AND COLD  
SYRUP FOR CHILDREN.

EASILY PREPARED AT HOME.

## THE GAME IN THE ARMY.

Reconstruction is the order of the day, and Rugby men are bestirring themselves about the restoration of their favourite winter game. The game itself is safe and the prestige of English Rugby is assured while the present standard is maintained at the public schools.

That standard has always been high, perhaps higher than many people suspected, but the war has brought the doings of the boys into greater prominence than was previously the case. It has been brought about largely by the Rosslyn Park club, on whose splendid enclosure at the Old Deer Park the real Rugby game has flourished during the troublous times; and by those who have so ably assisted them.

It has been fine work, and my old friend "A. P."—between ourselves—is pretty proud in a quiet way over his big share in it, though a little perturbed over the "master arising out of it."

With matters as they now are and are likely to be in the near future, I am disposed to think the present tendency to unduly laudate public school Rugby might be moderated with advantage to the boys themselves.

Circumstances have brought them more into the

time—so to speak than before, but as the game resumes something like normality they must necessarily recede and take their natural position and fulfil their functions therein.

Now for the matter that has disturbed my friend. It is the fear of boys while still at school being approached with a view to joining a club that held a prominent position before the war, and thus militating against the continuance or establishment of old boys' clubs.

It is a matter of moment and needs to be considered calmly. If there is an old boys' club associated with a school it is up to the boy after leaving school to throw in his lot with that club and, to put it bluntly, it is a caddish thing to attempt to bulldoze the youngster while still at school to go elsewhere.

If no old boys' team exists ready to receive and welcome him, the case is entirely different, and no objection can reasonably be entertained to an invitation being extended to him to join an outside

club. That is how I view the matter. The suggestion as to the possible combination of two schools to form an old boys' team is worthy of consideration, but that is a matter for the old boys to deal with themselves.

It is good news that the R.A.F. are to have their Union, and military Rugby has a most promising future. The Rugby Union Committee have made a pronouncement about Northern Union players in the Army and that ticklish subject I shall deal with later.

on another occasion. **TOUCH JUDGE.**

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## SCHOOLS BEAT R.A.F.

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The Schools had out a good side in the Old Deer Park, Richmond, yesterday and they beat the R.A.F. (Polegate) by 7 tries to 1 try (21 points to 5).

The R.A.F., who had not had a match for a month, and being disappointed twice this week by their matches being scratched, opened the record, Nunn getting in from

An opening made by Lawes, but then the Schools showed excellent combination, and tries were scored in the first half by Hart and Reid (two each) and Atkinson.

Helped by the wind, the R.A.F. did better in the second half, but failed to score, whereas Hart, a clever little half back from Christ's Hospital, again ran in twice.

All the place kicks failed.

The features of the game were the clever combination of the two Paulines, Pearson and Atkinson, and the good rushes by the forwards.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

**Yesterday's Billiards.**—Result, at Solio-square: L. Syron 1,000; S. Mayo, 752. Closing score, at Leicester-square: Stevenson, 12,993; Falkner, 12,478.

**Paris Sculling Races.**—International sculling matches will take place on the Seine at a date to be fixed. There are already 126 entries for the races. Great Britain, France, America, Belgium and Portugal have representatives.

**To Help Scottish Clubs.** The Scottish F.A. Council have decided to raise money to assist clubs who have suffered through the war to enable them to resume playing next season. It is suggested that home and home victory international matches with Ireland be played for this purpose.

**Northants Favour Two-Day Matches.**—It was reported at the Northamptonshire Cricket Club's meeting yesterday that matches had been arranged with Sussex, Warwick, Leicester, Derby, Yorkshire and Lancashire. The county's representatives on the Advisory Committee were instructed

to adhere to the proposal for two-day matches this year.

**THE STOCK EXCHANGE.**

War Loan Improvement—Russian  
Shares Again Favoured.

Markets were quiet yesterday, but again with interesting features. Russian shares—mining and oil—were the cheaper class continued to attract speculative attention. N. Caucasians were prominent, 26s. 3d. bid, Spies 12s. 3d., Baku 5s. 6d. In other oil shares Mexican Eagles good, 93s. 9d. Russo-Asiatics, parent of the great Siberian mining proposition, Irtysh, were 4 3/16.

In Industrials, Bryant and May's were good market, 36s., on dividend expectations; Day and Martin's

13s., on talk of a new issue; R. H. and J. Rogers (shirts and collars) 13s. 6d., on good yield on dividend paid and hopes of eventual bonus when the raid claim settled. Albert Bakers, weaker, 20s., Maypole Deferred 22s. 9d.

Mines continued dull, but Cons. Mines Selection, for reasons already noted, rose to 29s., Danger, formerly a former subsidiary 29s. 6d., East Rand Property, offered exceptional feature, rising to 5s. 9d. This is one of Rand's greatest mines—in extent—but has fallen upon evil times, as result of values peter-

the price. Ranking ahead of \$2,455,000 share capital in 41 shares, are nearly £1,000,000 Five per Cent. debentures, and at present company is not earning even debenture interest. There is in recent developments a ray of hope. Burma Corporations good. S. Rubbers, although commodity only 2s. 1d. per lb., were quite good, especially the Java rubber-cum-coffee producers, Boeseli 29s. bid, Java United 37s. Rubber of Java is a very dry feature. War Loan is improving, but not much interest is being raised for many weeks, coming in with

best price obtained for many weeks, comparing with 344 fortnight ago. When War Bonds lists close with this week other British Government securities are expected to benefit, French Loans firm.

What is said to be the best cough syrup ever known—one that is wonderfully effective in relieving coughs, colds, catarrhal and bronchial troubles—is also the cheapest, and so easy to prepare that anyone can make it at home. All that is necessary is a 3oz. bottle of pure bitrate of tar, which can be obtained at small cost from any chemist. Pour this into a jug and add sufficient hot water to make up to half a pint, stirring well until mixed. When cold it is ready for use. Keep in a tightly-corked bottle, and for ordinary coughs and colds, sore throat, hoarseness, etc., adults should take one to two teaspoonfuls every two or three hours. Children should be given from half a teaspoonful according to age. They will take it with far less pleasure than a syrup made from bitrate of tar, or any pleasant-tasting taste as well as being wonderfully effective. (Adapted from "The

**DO YOU EVER FEEL LIKE A WALKING DEAD?** Do you ever feel like a walking dead in the presence of others? Do you have "nervous or mental fears" of any kind? Do you suffer from irrelevant thoughts, lack of interest, lack of initiative, lack of power or mind concentration? Do you shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, speech-making, or public appearances? Do you feel that you are not "getting on" as your natural talents deserve?

By the Mento-Neural Treatment you can quickly acquire the ability to control your mind, progress in development, and give you absolute self-confidence and control over your natural ability. Being freed from Mento-Neural handicaps, you will be able to do anything you desire, and to handle and sell your affairs with prosper. Don't miss discovering all you can upon this subject as it refers to yourself and your future. Write for a free literature and a 14-day free trial course on the particulars of guaranteed cure in 12 days. Category, Long, L-10, 476, Imperial-Buildings, Inc., 1200 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**DELPI.** "THE BOY." W. H. BERRY.  
To-night at 8. Mata, Wed. and Sat. at 2.  
DORRIS. "THE TWO DAUGHTERS." 7.45 and 8.20.  
LEE WHITE in "THE DAUGHTERS OF THE US."  
**APOLLO.** Musical Comedy. **SOLDIER BOY.**  
To-night at 8.15. Mata, Wed. and Sat. at 2.15.  
**COMEDY.** Evening at 8. **"TAILS UP."** A Musical  
Entertainment. 7.45 and 8.15. Mata, Wed. and Sat. at 2.15.  
**"THE SPOONFEARER."** Comedy. **TWELFTH NIGHT.**  
Evening at 7.45. Mata, Wed. and Sat. at 2.15.  
**DELPHIC.** "THE SPOONFEARER." Comedy. 7.45 and 8.15.  
Nightly, at 8. Mata, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.  
**CRIBBIE.** In consequence of the death of Sir Charles  
Cribbie, the play "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."  
**DALY'S.** "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."  
To-night at 7.45. Mata, Wed. and Sat. at 2.15.  
**DRURY LANE** (Tel. Ger. 2538).—Twice Daily, at 1.30 and  
7.30. **JAMES IN THE WOODS.**  
**THEATRE ROYAL.** "THE MAID FROM TORONTO."  
Iris Hoey, George Tully, Mat. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.  
**CARLETON.** "THE MAID FROM TORONTO." 7.45 and 8.15.  
**HILLEY'S AUNT TULLY.** By Brandon Thomas.  
**GLOBE.** Evenings at 8. **"NUISIE HENSON."**  
To-night at 8.15. Mata, Wed. and Sat. at 2.15.  
**HAYMARKET.** Nightly, 8. **DENNIS ADEE** in "THE  
FREEDOM OF THE SEAS." 7.45 and 8.15. (See and Year.)  
Evening at 7.30. Mata, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.15.  
**KINGSWAY.** "THE MAID FROM TORONTO." 7.45 and 8.15.  
To-night at 8.15. Mata, Fri. Sat. 2.30. Last 2 weeks.  
**LONDON PAVILION.**—8. **"Le Cochin."** AS YOU  
LIKE IT. 7.45 and 8.15. **Pantomime, "CINDERELLA."**  
**LYCEUM.** To-night, Daily, 2 and 7. **"The Two Daughters."**  
**LYRIC.** To-night, 8. **DORIS KEANE** in "ROXAN."  
Nightly, at 8. Mata, Mon. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15.  
**MAJESTIC.** To-night, 8. **"The Two Daughters."**  
2.30 and 8. **MAKE BELIEVE.** By A. Milne.  
**MAY.** To-night, 8. **"The Two Daughters."** 7.45 and 8.15.  
Nightly, at 8. **"The Two Daughters."** 7.45 and 8.15.  
**MASKELINE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY.** 7.45 and 8.15.  
**OXFORD.**—"IN THE NIGHT WATCH." 8.15.  
Nightly, at 8. **"The Two Daughters."** 7.45 and 8.15.  
**PLAYHOUSE.** Nightly, at 8. **"THE NAUGHTY WIFE."**  
Charles Hawtree, Gladys Cooper. Mat. M. Th. 8. 2.30.  
**REPERTORY.**—"THE TWO DAUGHTERS." 7.45 and 8.15.  
**RIGGS.** 8. Mat. Sat. 2.15. Last Week.  
**QUEEN'S.**—"THE TWO DAUGHTERS." 7.45 and 8.15.  
Nightly, at 8. **"The Sensational Submarine Scandal."**  
**QUEEN'S.**—"THE TWO DAUGHTERS." 7.45 and 8.15.  
Nightly, at 8. **"The Sensational Submarine Scandal."**

## THE WORLD OF SPORT

**Yesterday's Billiards.—**Result, at Solihull-square: H. Symont 1,000; S. Mayo, 752. (Glosing score, at Leicester-square: Stevenson, 12,999; Falkner, 12,478.

**Paris Sculling Races.—**International sculling matches will take place on the Seine at a date to be fixed. There are already 126 entries for the races. Great Britain, France, America, Belgium and Portugal have representatives.

**To Help Scottish Clubs. —** The Scottish F.A. Council have decided to raise money to assist clubs who have suffered through the war to enable them to resume playing next season. It is suggested that home and home victory international matches with Ireland be played for this purpose.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

War Loan Improvement—Russian  
Shares Again Favoured.

Markets were quiet yesterday, but again with interesting features. Russian shares—mining and oil—of the cheaper class continued to attract speculative attention. N. Caucasians were prominent, 26s. 3d. bid; Kuznetsk, 25s. 6d. bid; Ural, 25s. 6d. bid; Mexican Eagles, 90d. 3/4d. bid. Russos Asiatics, parent of the great Siberian mining proposition, 17s. 1/2d. 4-3-16.

In industrial shares, the market was quiet. Mayco were good market, 12s. 6d. dividend expectations; Day and Martin's 13s., on talk of a new issue; R. H. and J. Rogers (shirts and collars) 13s. 6d., on good yield on dividend paid and hopes of eventual bonus when an issue is made; Bakers weaker, 20s. 6d. Maypole Deferred 22s. 9d.

Mines continued dull, but Cons. Mines Selection, for reasons given yesterday, rose to 29s. Dangerfonteins (former's subsidiary) 29s. 6d. East Rand Props. provided exceptional feature, rising to 5s. 3d. This is one of Rand's greatest mines—in extent—but has fallen upon evil times, as result of values petering out. Ranking ahead of £2,455,000 share capital in £1 shares, are nearly £1,000,000 Five per Cent. debentures and the Cons. Mines Company's £1,000,000 mining equipment interest. There is recent danger of a slump in metals a ray of hope, Presa Corporations good, 5s. Rubbers, although commodity only 2s. 1d. per lb., were quite good, especially the Java rubber.

War Loan showed fractional improvement to 347, best price obtained for many weeks, comparing with 344 fortnight ago. When War Bonds lists close with this week other British Government securities are expected to benefit. French Loans firm.

## PERSON

**PERSONAL.**

WILLIE Herbert Huthwaite return to his parents at once to settle business matters.

WILLIE H. Jewellery, Multi, Underwear, Boots, Trunks and all effects; largest secondhand stock in the world buying, selling, pawnbroking and officers' outfitting. Wholesale and retail. Headquarters from the trade also—Goldman's Uniforms, Devonport.

WILLIE anyone who knows of an Officer, Non-Commissioned Officer or Private who has been blinded or physically deprived of sight in the war, and who is not at a London Hospital, be so good as to communicate with Joseph W. H. DUNSTON, Secretary of the League of War-Blinded, N.W.17.

**SUPERFLUOUS** Hair permanently removed from face and neck by electrolysis. Address—4, Grosvenor Way, 39, Granville gardens, Shepherd's Bush Green, W.12.

**STOP THE  
WASTE OF  
PUBLIC  
MONEY!**

A strong indictment by Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P., of official extravagance will appear in next Sunday's

**SUNDAY**  
**PICTORIAL**

The Paper that has a cer-  
tified circulation of over  
Two-and-a-quarter Million  
Copies weekly.

are to release

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mies" com-  
hen mounted  
horse."



READ "THE LOVE TRAIL," THE NEW SERIAL STORY ON PAGE 12

# Daily Mirror

HIS £50,000 WINDFALL.



Mr. William Allison, a timekeeper in L. and N.W. locomotive sheds at Rugby, who has unexpectedly inherited £50,000 from a rich Australian uncle. He only became aware of the good fortune awaiting him by chancing upon an advertisement. "I have had to work hard all my life," he said, "and I am looking forward to giving my children a much better time than I had."



**EDINBURGH WEDDING.**—Captain Nepean Bishop, R.M., of H.M.S. Valiant, married to Miss Brodie at St. John's Church, Princes-street, Edinburgh. After the ceremony.

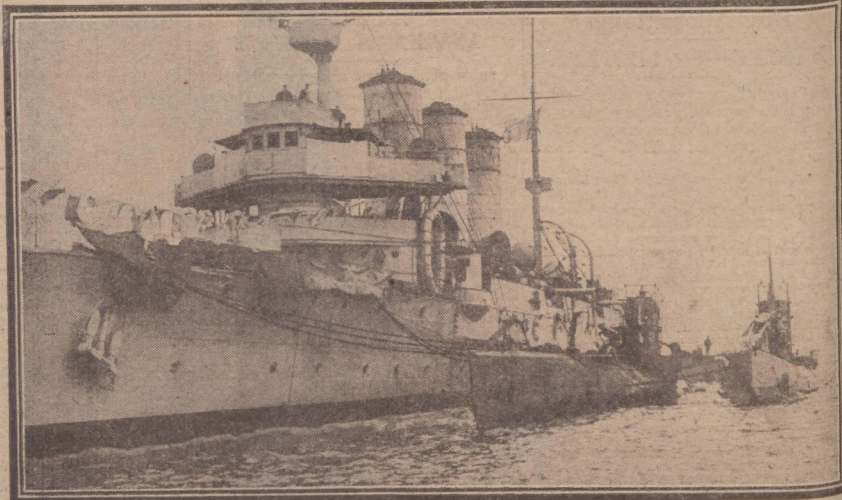


**M.M.**—Miss E. B. Callender, of the First-Aid Nursing Yeomanry, who has been awarded the Military Medal for bravery in the field.



**M.M.**—Miss E. A. Courtis, of the First-Aid Nursing Yeomanry, who has been awarded the Military Medal for bravery in the field.

ITALIAN WARSHIP COLLECTS HUN SUBMARINES.



The Italian cruiser Libia at Harwich. She is returning to Italy with these two Hun submarines.



**PROPAGANDA.**—A group, carefully composed for its purpose, showing German soldiers fraternising with French colonials in a Berlin square.



The Italian ship's mascot, a toy spaniel, takes a walk.

Read the Splendid  
New Story

## THE LOVE TRAIL

The opening  
chapters of  
which will be  
found on  
page 12.



This romance of  
Helen Carstairs,  
as told by Lola Gilfillan, forms one of the  
most fascinating serial stories ever  
published in "The Daily Mirror."



Libia's crew give a vocal salute to their British Allies. Specimens of Hun submarines for exhibition in Italian ports, waiting to make the journey to Italy, at Harwich.